

THE DEMING GRAPHIC

DEMING, - - NEW MEXICO.

The useful lemon has now knocked out the typhoid germ.

John L. Sullivan says he has "quit drinking." John will be trying to quit eating next.

A West Virginia saloon was recently wrecked by a landslide. One on the house, as it were.

Barney Barnato, Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit. Ah, how like the Upas tree are African riches.

Library giving must be contagious, judging from the way it is spreading among our millionaires.

Somebody has published a book of play-pong poems. They might properly take the form of an obituary.

The pitying comment that Brete Harte "died poor" is rich. Bret got his money's worth as he went along.

It is announced that Pere Marquette road is to be made a trunk line; but grips and hatboxes will not be barred.

Gov. Murphy of New Jersey says: "Trusts are a good thing." Yes. They pay New Jersey \$4,000,000 a year in fees.

And so the Kaiser has sent President Roosevelt another edition de luxe. This sort of thing speaks volumes.

Count Lonyay laughs at the report that he deserted his countess. Some men are such hands to appreciate jokes.

As a money getter the Methodist church is in the octopus class. It has raised a \$20,000,000 thank offering in four years.

The Crown Princess of Saxony is over 40 years of age. The man with whom she eloped is 23. Guess how it'll turn out.

In the renovated White House there are thirty-one miles of wire. And to every foot there is a man willing and anxious to pull.

John D. Rockefeller has offered \$1,000,000 for a new stomach, and he doesn't stipulate that there shall be a rebate on it either.

The latest lemon juice theory is that it destroys the germs in whisky. It is strongly advocated by the cheerful lovers of sours.

Meanwhile, Brer John W. Gates he isn't hitting back. His \$7,400,000 profits on the Louisville & Nashville deal soothe his feelings.

Santa Teresa, the Yaqui Indian goddess, who has sued for divorce, alleges she was forced to marry. She will find cold comfort among the Yaqui spinsters.

"Where are the snows of yesterday?" asks one of the poets. We don't know, and we hope they'll keep out of sight at least until the coal trust melts.

Carnegie says a nation is known by the heroes it makes. Wouldn't it be mean for the people of this country to turn around now and make Frick a hero?

Matos says that Venezuela should pay her debts and defer to the usages of civilized nations in the future. This is better patriotism than Castro's bombast.

Marconi says we are to have wireless telephones. Now let somebody hurry and fix up a telephone instrument that will not be too big to carry around in the pocket.

Marconi's success in sending aerograms across the Atlantic is very interesting, but the prime question to the average citizen is how much will this system reduce the cost of messages?

Since a New York court has decided that there can be no patent on the name Colonial Dames it does not seem worth while for any socially ambitious woman to hunt up a real great-great-grandfather.

Wagner's heirs got royalties amounting to \$115,000 from performances and sales of his music last year. They have probably decided by this time that if Wagnerian music is a joke it's a good one.

Pugilist Corbett recently remarked: "I do believe that if every man lives up to his creed, whatever it may be, he is doing what he thinks is right and will not go far astray." Yes, but sometimes he will go to jail.

FOR THE GIRL WHO WAS WAITING.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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The sun was two hours' high when Fritz Wardell took the train at Pine Top. Twenty miles down the valley the narrow gauge connected with the through line which was to take him to the distant city. The young fellow was in high spirits as he bounded into the car and took a seat by a window. He had looked forward to this day through six long years of toil and economy. He had studied and starved and slaved—but how small seemed his labor now in the sunshine of this glorious present! In his pocket he could feel the roll of bills which represented the work and the economy which had abstained from everything except the bare necessities. And now he was actually on his way to college! And after college, what? Of course there could be but one thing after, and a warm flush rose to his face and a glad look came into his eyes. He would go back to Neuchatel and up the valley to the chalet overlooking the Blenne. Suzel would be waiting for him, and they would be married and come back to America and make a home.

The train rushed on, and a little old maid opposite looked across at her neighbor and wondered what made the car seem so bright and cheerful. When Fritz caught her glance he laughed and blushed, and she actually forced a tiny return smile to her grim lips. The conductor came in and found the young fellow trying to tempt a child with a big red apple, and was obliged to wait until the comedy was over. Then the child lost her ball, and Fritz disturbed the whole car in his eager search after it.

At the junction he was the first to leave the train, and was rushing down the platform when he saw a pair of frightened horses approaching. Without hesitation he sprang forward to intercept them. But as he left the platform his foot slipped, and instead of striking as he intended, he fell directly under the maddened animals. A moment later they were stopped, and he was dragged from beneath their hoofs. When the train returned to Pine Top he was on board, crushed and unconscious.

He was taken to the place where he had worked, but no money was found on his person, and the farmer was a hard man. The next day Fritz was bundled into a wagon and taken to the town farm.

It was months before he left his bed and began to hobble around. As soon as he was able to work he was set to shelling corn and sorting potatoes. Then it was discovered that he was skillful with his fingers, and his work was changed to making ax-helves and hay rakes and other wooden tools for farm use. As he grew stronger his work was increased. In the spring he was sent into the fields with the hands. He was not yet able to do a full day's work. If he had been he would have sought employment among the farmers. As it was, he could only wait.

One day several new paupers were brought to the farm. Among them was a little old man who was helpless with rheumatism. He was given a bed near Fritz.

For some days the two scarcely noticed each other. Then Fritz stopped on his way out and asked if there was anything he could do. The old man shook his head despondently. The next day Fritz stopped again and was allowed to bring him a glass of water. After that there was a nod or word every time the young fellow went in or out. The old man began to watch for him, and would often detain him



He sprang forward to intercept them by his bedside and make him listen to long, rambling accounts of his misfortunes. Fritz grew weary of the grumbling and fault-finding, but he was good-natured, and listened without taking much interest in the narrative.

One evening, as he came into the room, the old man motioned him to a stool by his bedside.

"It's awful lonesome up here all day," he said querulously. "Scarcely

nobody comes nigh me the whole endurin' time."

"Ach, well; you'll soon get better and can come out to the fields with us," answered Fritz, pleasantly.

The old man scowled. "Paupers' fields an' paupers' work," he snarled. "I'd rather be here. But 'tain't right for me to be in sech a place now. I could buy the whole caboodle if I had my money. Things allers went ag'in me."

"Ach, they do seem contrary sometimes," agreed Fritz. "Did you your money lose?"

The old man did not answer for



Obeying a sudden impulse, he went in search of the rock with a crack. Some minutes. Then he looked up dejectedly.

"I s'pose I mout's well tell ye 'bout it," he said; "there's no sort o' chance o' my gettin' the money ag'in. I s'arched day in an' day out an' couldn't find hide nor hair on 't—even the old rock where I hid it seemed to have sunk into the airth."

"Ja, but that was bad," said Fritz. "You see, I ain't never took no stock in banks an' them things. They'm all thieves an' money getters. I kep' mine in a tin box, an' when I had occasion to go away I hid it side of a rock under a big yaller pine. I took measure o' the trees an' things round, so that I couldn't miss findin' it ag'in. Well, if you'll b'lieve me, when I come back a year arterwards, them Barber woods was all cut down, an' I couldn't even pick out the stum, there was so many o' 'em. Mebbe somebody'd dug it up an' stole the money. I hung round a week or two, s'archin', but 'twan't no use. Then I got the rheumatiz an' they brung me here."

Fritz had listened attentively. "The Barber woods," he said curiously. "That is the place I haf work. I did know every tree an' stone. I mind the rock under the big pine. Did it haf a crack, and bushes growing on one side?"

The old man started and a frightened look came into his dim, uncertain eyes.

"Are you the feller who got hurt?" he asked, huskily.

"Yes."

With a sudden effort the old man turned his face to the wall.

"Seemed like I'd seen ye somewhere," he muttered, "but I never thought o' that."

Fritz stared at him curiously, then went to bed. A few days later he had occasion to pass what had been known as the Barber woods, but no trees were there now, only a desolate field of stumps, half hidden by great piles of cord-wood and brush. The talk of the old man recurred to him. Obeying a sudden impulse he went in search of the rock with the crack. But in spite of his familiarity with the woods it was a long time before he could discover it.

When he returned to the town farm there was a strange, exultant look on his face, and every few minutes his hand returned to his jacket pocket, as if to reassure itself of something there. He went directly to his room. The old man's face was to the wall.

"I go to the Barber woods," Fritz began, "and I find the rock you haf lost."

The old man shivered, and turned a white face toward him.

"And I find the money," Fritz continued sharply. "I haf it in my pocket—in the tin box."

The old man was sitting up now. But his face was not eager, only piteous and terrified.

"Ach, I haf no wist to hurt you," said Fritz, more softly. "If you tell me everything—true—I will say no'tings."

"An'—an' ye won't punish me?" quavered the old man.

"Not if you tell me everything."

"Wall, I—I driv the mail waggin' that day. The reg'lar man was sick, an' he ast me. They put you in the waggin, an'—an' when we got in the

woods I took the money; but I didn't dast to use it, so I hid it 'side the stum an' went off. I lotted on comin' back arter a while an' git it. But cuttin' down the woods got me all mixed. Everything allers has worked ag'in me," in an aggrieved voice.

Fritz did not answer. Going to a box near his bed he took out several old school books, which showed the marks of much use. Then he left the room.

A few weeks later a glowing letter was on its way across the water, and in due time a young girl took it from the hand of the postman and read it, while warm blushes chased each other over her cheeks. Then, with a new light in her big, earnest eyes, she went up into the little chalet overlooking the Blenne and dreamed of the great country beyond the sea, and of the fine young fellow who was going to do so wonderful things.

A BELT WOULD ANSWER.

What Husband Considered Natural Accessory to Gown.

She was dressed for the dance and she thought she looked particularly well. It is when a woman thinks she looks particularly well that she expects an immediate and favorable reply to her requests. Besides, there is nothing like asking for a thing when one happens to think of it. So she spoke up promptly.

"By the way, Tom," she said, "don't forget to leave me some money to-morrow."

"What for?" he asked. Husbands have a way of being so curious in these matters.

"Oh, I have some shopping to do. I need a number of things."

"What, for instance?"

"Oh, a lot of trifles—some collars, for one thing."

He looked at her sharply. For the moment she had forgotten that he was somewhat prejudiced against décollete gowns and that they had had numerous arguments on the subject.

"For that gown?" he asked.

"Now, why do you ask such a foolish question as that?" she demanded.

"Because," he replied pointedly, "if it's for that gown you could use a belt instead."

Stevenson's Tact.

Will Low, the painter, recently told a story of the Latin Quarter days of Robert Louis Stevenson. Low and Stevenson were great friends in their youth; their friendship, indeed, continued up to the time of the writer's death.

"Louis," said the artist, "was no less diplomatic than brave. He could be fiery, and he could also be gracious and pacific. One night, I remember, we sat in a garden in Montmartre. The red wine had been flowing pretty freely, and one of our party had got heated and aggressive. Finally some one said a thing that this fighting chap disliked. He, as soon as the words were spoken, grabbed up a bottle and hurled it at the other's head. It was a strong, true shot, and would have hit the bull's-eye had not Stevenson sprung to his feet, and, with that singular grace and dexterity of his, caught the missile in mid air.

"Tut, tut, George," he said to the thrower, "tut, tut. If the bottle is passed so quickly, none of us will be able to stand out the evening."

Wild Flowers.

We grow where none but God, Life's gardener, Upon the sterile sod Bestows His care.

Our morn and evening dew— The sacrament That maketh all things new— From heaven is sent;

And thither, ne'er in vain, We look for aid, To find the punctual rain Or sun or shade.

Appointed hour by hour To every need, Alike of parent flower Or nursing seed;

Till, blossom duty done, With parting smile We vanish one by one, To sleep a while.

—Father Tabb.

Has a Retentive Memory.

Elmer Dover, Senator Hanna's private secretary, went home to Cleveland for the holidays, and while there met a Toledo lawyer named Cooper. In the course of a chat Cooper declared that he could name every man now in the United States senate and every man who had served in the Senate at any time in twenty years; also that he could name two-thirds of the present members of the House of Representatives, together with their states. Mr. Dover laughingly offered to bet him a box of the finest cigars on this proposition, and a number of others made the same offer. Cooper accepted all bets and called for a pad of paper. In just half an hour he had made good his boast and now he has cigars enough to last him all summer.

Portuguese Not Good Farmers.

The Portuguese attempted to establish cattle farming in Newfoundland in 1553, but all traces of the animals they imported have been lost.

AS A CHILD SAW HER.

Apt Rebuke Given by Little One to Frivolous Woman.

A three-year-old girl, fair of hair and sunny face, was attracting attention on a train the other afternoon, when a little woman somewhat past middle age came tripping in with a mincing gait, in a very short rain-day skirt, a bright red waist showing under a Monte Carlo coat, and a girlish hat topping the whole. The obvious attempt to appear youthful would have been pathetic had it not been for the simpering expression on the woman's face.

"See, mamma! See!" exclaimed the child, pointing to the woman.

"Hush, Gladys," said the young mother, trying to divert the child's attention.

"See! See!" persisted the child, and as the woman who would appear youthful smiled at the child, Gladys raised her voice and clapped her little hands, exclaiming:

"Isn't it cunning?"

Amid the ill-concealed mirth of the passengers the woman who had provoked this apt though innocent sally hurried into the forward cabin.

WAS AFRAID OF HARPER.

Residents of Chicago Street Fled Before College President.

James W. Alexander, president of the Equitable Life Assurance society, caused much laughter by telling a story about President Harper of the University of Chicago at a dinner up town the other night, says the New York Times. After explaining that John D. Rockefeller had given Dr. Harper nearly all the money the latter wanted, he said:

"Why, one day a friend of mine was walking down a Chicago street, and he noticed that every house on the block was deserted. The citizens had fled from their homes. My friend made inquiry as to the cause of the flight, and a man said to him:

"President Harper has got to raise half a million dollars before sundown, and he's on the way to this part of the city."

Joke on Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman, whose rank in the regular army is major surgeon, strongly advocates re-establishment of the canteen, which is vigorously opposed by Miss Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Major Surgeon Seaman lectured not long ago before a club in Syracuse, his subject being the canteen. Miss Stanton grew excited as she listened and finally exclaimed: "Nothing under heaven could induce me to let a son of mine belong to a regiment, having a canteen." Dr. Seaman, who never misses a point, made some touching allusion to Miss Susan's seventy-six years of blessed maidenhood and her numerous and beautiful posterity. The roar of laughter with which this was greeted betokened just how the audience would be likely to vote on the question.—Washington Post.

Unique Marriage Contract.

The wedding of Robert Judy and Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley of Maryville the other day was unique in some ways. The groom, a widower of seventy-four winters, has five children, one boy and four girls. The bride, a widow of seventy-two summers, also has five children, four boys and one girl. Mrs. Bradley was a boarding-house keeper and eight months dragged by before success crowned the wooing of the ardent lover and his blushing sweetheart promised to be his. Each is wealthy and they have made a contract that each shall retain his or her belongings and that each shall provide one-half of the cost of living.

A "Tall" Fish Story.

Senator Clapp of Minnesota has had a visit in Washington from a constituent, Charles Christadoro, who stirs the imagination with great fish stories. Mr. Christadoro is very familiar with the vicinity of Cass lake, where Senator Clapp goes fishing nearly every summer, and has been trying to have the national park located up there somewhere in the neighborhood of the Lake of the Woods, but without much success. "The wall-eyed bass are so numerous in Cass lake that they are tame," said Mr. Christadoro. "They come up out of the water and we give them names to which they answer." Mr. Clapp rather hesitates to endorse this story.

Had a Fuel Supply.

The seven-year-old grandson of William Dudley Foulke, the civil-service commissioner, went with his grandmother to the Senate recently to hear Senator Tillman's speech. They had fine seats in the front of the members' gallery and the little chap made a brave show in his velvet suit and his long curly hair. He listened intently, but didn't make out much of it until Senator Tillman referred, with much emphasis, to "anthracite coal." Then he piped up joyously, so he was heard all over the chamber: "We've got some; we've got some!"